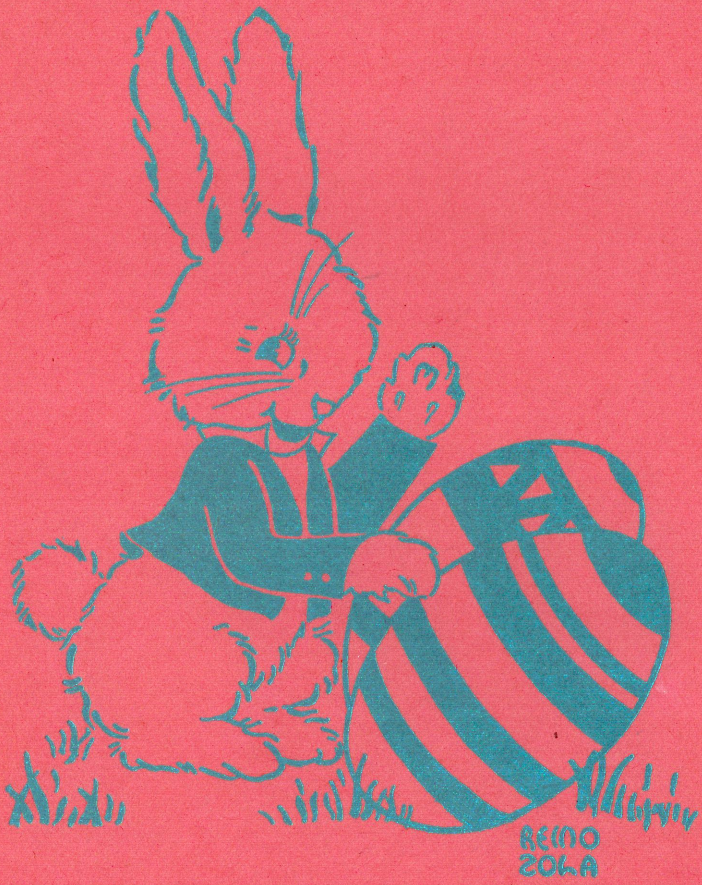


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APRIL 1939

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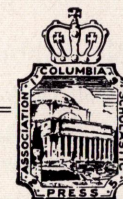
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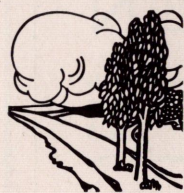
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Signs of Spring

By Mary Farrell

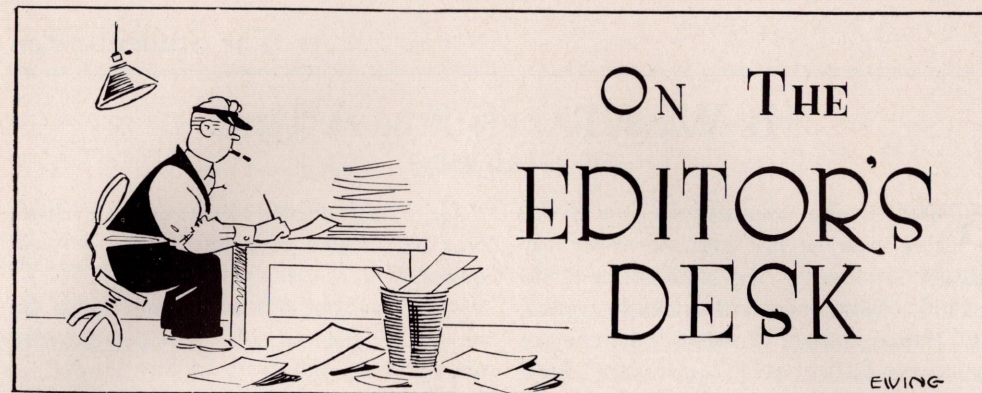
Rain, Rain, Rain,
Pray tell me what's the matter?
Drip, Drip, Drip,
How those raindrops patter!

Caw, Caw, Caw,
Repeats the noisy crow
Cheer-up, Cheer-up, Cheer-up,
'Tis Robin we all know.

Babble, Babble, Babble,
Gay brooks rush down the hills
Splash, Splash, Splash,
The air with laughter fills.

Peep, Peep, Peep,
From chicks of yellow sheen,
Ugh, Ugh, Ugh,
Croaks Mr. Frog so green.

Ring, Ring, Ring,
These cheery sounds so clear—
Sing, Sing, Sing,
April is really here!



AFTER THE CHALLENGE WHAT?

By George Walsh

THE students of P. H. S. have promptly answered the challenge of the article "What, No S. S. G. in P. H. S.?" in last month's PEN by starting an enthusiastic and earnest movement for student government in our school. If we all cooperate in a real effort, there is reason to believe that we shall get that student government, and that it will work to the satisfaction of every reasonable expectation.

Student government means the active participation of the students in the general administration of the school. The only efficient way in which this could be brought about would be to have a council elected by the student body, which would, to the best of its ability, represent the interest of the students in school affairs and carefully carry out the duties which would be assigned to it. To assume that our student council would be capable of fulfilling this task only requires one other assumption,—that the students of Pittsfield High School, both the officers and those who elect them, are as intelligent as the students of any big high school in New York or Philadelphia.

The most important duty of the council would be to assist in the regulation of order in the school in any way deemed advisable by the principal. If it did no more than suggest improvements, the council would have the excellent advantage of being able to arouse the interest of the student body, and

thus to insure their cooperation and enthusiasm. The disappearance of student indifference would admittedly be a great achievement. The best known cure for this indifference is student government—if it is tried in the right way. It must be remembered, however, that if this student government itself is taken with that same air of indifference, far from being a cure it becomes a poison, or at least causes indigestion.

Just how widespread this indifference is may be indicated by the insides of the desks in the study halls. It isn't much good to be strict here; what is necessary is a vital change of attitude on the part of the students; we can't see how this can be brought about without student government. We challenge anyone to offer a better alternative.

Another function of the student council would be to help in planning assemblies. The members of the council would be in constant touch with the students, and the fact that the council had a voice in this important part of school affairs would, no doubt, leave the students with the justified feeling that they were getting what they wanted.

It would also be the council's task to regulate student activities of a social nature, and to coordinate club activities. All this would be excellent training in practical citizenship for the student body, and just as excellent training in conscientious leadership

(Continued on page 25)

HE WAS TAKEN FOR A RIDE

By Loraine Dakin

"YOU'RE the toughest looking crowd I've ever seen," said Mr. C. Roy Hansen, addressing the student body of P. H. S. When we had finished gasping, Mr. Hansen, former prosecuting-attorney of Chicago and a "personal acquaintance" of Al Capone, gave us many interesting highlights about that arch crook's career and downfall.

For the past two years Mr. Hansen has been doing clinical classification work in 40 different penal institutions, while following his profession of criminology. For many years he has been doing undercover work in fifteen cities and thus has come in contact with every type of criminal from the so-called "stool pigeons" to the "big-shots."

Upon meeting Mr. Hansen after his second lecture, your inquiring reporter found him to be the nicest male personage she had ever interviewed. Taking advantage of his weakness (having a wonderful disposition) as a woman is apt to do—your reporter asked the following questions—and received the following answers:—

Q—"Does the lack of education breed crime?"

A—"Yes, in a measure. Education influences the type of crime committed. For instance, a highly educated lawyer or banker will abscond with a few thousand dollars while a less educated person thinks a hundred dollars or so a 'good haul.' But crimes are substantially reduced by education."

Q—"In your experience, were the majority of criminals with whom you came in contact educated or uneducated?"

A—"I can but give you the figures found by extensive research. Sixty-one and nine-tenths percent of one thousand cases investigated went no higher than eighth grade. Twenty-nine percent went through high school, while seven percent were college graduates."

Q—"Do you think twelve years of school, or a high school education should be compulsory?"

A—"Yes, but not until ample funds are provided; the schools are overcrowded now."

Q—"Has the percentage of crime in the U. S. risen or fallen in the past year or two?"

A—"Crime in the U. S. has risen in volume, but has changed in form. The toll is not as large as the big organizations are being broken up."

Now your reporter went on into a subject dear to the hearts of many of us—student government.

Q—"Do you think student government is of any great value in preventing crime within a school?"

A—"Absolutely, if I may say—students know the technique—and thus are able to keep track of other students."

Q—"Does student government help the youth of America toward the target of good and useful citizenship of which you spoke?"

A—"Absolutely, you learn by experience."

The last question asked Mr. Hansen brought forth a most satisfactory answer—

Q—"Do you really think the students of P. H. S. 'a tough bunch'?"

A—"No, in spite of what I said at the outset of my speech, I think they're a wonderful bunch. They are with one exception (Turner's Falls High) the finest audience I have had in Massachusetts."

Boys and girls—you've been reading an interview with Mr. C. Roy Hansen—just in case you haven't already discovered the fact. Mr. Hansen—a man who has, at different times eaten, lived and once—"taken a ride" with gangsters, but, who, unlike many others, lived to tell of his experiences.

THE RIDE OF PAUL-INE REVERE

By Elizabeth Byrne

*Listen, my children and you shall hear,
Of the wild, wild ride of Paul-ine Revere.*

TOBY TYLER thoughtfully munched an apple as Jill recited the foregoing. Jill was certainly excited.

"Oh, it will be great fun—just imagine Miss Revere bumping along the back road to Cheston on Stella, her gallant steed. She always looks so spick and span and absolutely untouchable—so smug and superior, and when I think of the spectacle she will be after Stella does her stuff, I could almost stand up and shout 'Excelsior', or 'On To Victory', or whatever it is that heroes shout. I tell you, Toby Tyler, if we manage to get that hair of hers out of condition, we will be doing a fine deed for humanity—a deed that deserves to be recorded in the Hall of Fame in our dear old Alma Mater."

Toby finished his apple, and threw away the core before he spoke:

"You know, Jill, I almost hate to do it. After all, Miss Revere wouldn't be so bad if she didn't look so slick and if we didn't hate French so much. She can't help it because somebody wished a hero's name on her. Maybe her parents thought she would be a 'Miss America' some day."

Jill was convulsed with laughter. "Oh, Toby, you do say the funniest things. Miss America indeed! Miss Meanie I call her. She gave me a D in French, because I didn't prepare my lesson the night of the Valentine Hop and because I gave three terrible translations the week that you broke your leg. And when I tried to explain to her that I just couldn't work when you were suffering,—and oh, Toby, I just couldn't study I felt so badly for you—she just looked down that long, dignified nose of hers and said, 'Well, Miss Wakely, you could hardly expect me to excuse you from French because one of your classmates is ill. When the principal of this

school has a headache, I still have to conduct my classes.' Imagine Mr. White's headache affecting that dame. I'll bet she never had a date in her life. You can see that she doesn't understand the first thing about love. But, Toby, you are not going to back out on me now, are you? We owe her a good scare, or at least a good shaking up."

"No, I am not going to back out on you, but I think you will have to drive the car. I am all right when I drive slowly, but my leg is still out of condition for fast driving."

"That's all I want," said Jill; "just a chance to give Paul-ine Revere the ride of a life-time."

So Jill and Toby went ahead with their plan to get even with Miss Revere for being an excellent French teacher. The class play was to be repeated in the Grange Hall in Cheston twenty miles away. Since it came April 18, and there was to be no school the next day, most of the fellows and girls planned to attend and to dance afterward. Jill had conceived the happy idea of asking Miss Revere to ride over with them and to drive over the back country road instead of the state highway. Since the road was in a terrible condition, as country roads are in the spring, she planned to let Miss Revere sit alone in the back seat, to drive as fast as she could, and hope for the worst for the poor, unsuspecting school-marm. As she said to Toby, "That woman has been a terror to me since the day I first laid eyes on her in French class. I have sat shaking in my shoes day after day, and if I can make that woman shake for twenty minutes, I can die happy."

On the fateful night Jill and Toby collected Miss Revere and started on their way. Toby had his misgivings, but Jill was excited and perfectly "happy about the whole thing." They established Miss Revere in the back seat, and decorously started out of town. But once they were on the outskirts, Jill be-

gan to speed; and by the time they were on the back road, strange noises came from the back seat. They both suspected that Miss Revere was calling them by name, but neither one cared to verify his suspicions. So they continued to bump along.

"Oh, this is perfect," thought Jill. But she was due for a surprise. She saw a light flashing ahead of her and knew she had to stop in the narrow road.

"Somebody needs help," said Toby.

But—"Hands up!" said the voice. "Get out of that car and keep walking." And with a gun at their backs, they started walking down the road. About a hundred feet behind the car they were ordered to stop. "Now, stand there until I get into the car. Keep still; you'll be all right. All I want is to get away."

But as he started walking back to the machine, the car started and in a second it was going faster than they had ever gone. As soon as the man heard it, he dashed into the woods. Toby and Jill stood there just dumbfounded for a few minutes. Then Jill began to cry. Cry, did I say? Why that girl must have been saving up her tears for years. When you consider that at the first sign of tears, Toby had gathered her into his arms, well, you could hardly blame Jill for making it a regular session.

Soon the shrill wail of sirens was heard, and in a few minutes up rode Miss Revere in an ambulance with an escort of police. She found Jill and Toby wrapped in each other's arms but no gun man.

"Where is he?" demanded the police sergeant.

"Gone into the woods," Toby answered.

"Probably into Deadman's Gulf," said Miss Revere. "A man could hide in that ravine for days, and protect himself with his gun. But, you officers know all about that, and I certainly hope you get your man. Now as long as these children aren't hurt, I want to get them into Cheston; get the car, and drive them home on the state highway."

So Miss Revere took full charge of her two pupils. She insisted on driving because as she said—"Miss Wakely, I certainly didn't like the way you drove. A few lessons from an experienced driver would be just the thing for you." She made the two of them sit on the front seat with her, insisting that, "Nobody could be comfortable on the back seat of this car. It really would be to your advantage, Mr. Tyler, if you would spend a few hours on this car and tighten some of the bolts and nuts. There is so much that you young people don't know. You take such chances!"

Both Jill and Toby had the grace to be ashamed, and there were many things to be explained.

"Miss Revere," asked Jill in a very contrite voice, "what really happened? Didn't he see you?"

"Well, you see," said Miss Revere, "I heard all about the robbery over the radio while I was waiting for you to come after me. He robbed Hurley's gas station at the edge of the town shortly after dark. He escaped in a car—but apparently something happened to it, because all he wanted from you was a car with which to get away. It must be his car that I passed on my way into Cheston."

"But I still don't understand why he didn't see you or how you got into town so fast," said Toby.

"Well," said Miss Revere in a very grim voice, "Jill was responsible for his not seeing me. He couldn't; I was down behind the seat. I fell off so many times, that I decided to stay down. And, of course, when I heard 'Hands up!' I knew who he was. When he started you down the road, I climbed over the seat and started the car. I got to Cheston so quickly because I know every curve in the road. I was born and brought up in Cheston. That back road was a regular Lover's Lane in my day. Many a time I drove over that road

(Continued on page 25)

ALGEBRA NIGHTMARE

By Donald Lucier

AFTER spending the afternoon on the neighborhood football team, I decided, one night, to do my homework. I glanced at my algebra book, reposing so comfortably on the table. How harmless and simple it looked.

"How easy it would be," I thought, "to drop the silly thing into the stove." However I brushed aside this temptation and, instead, opened the book.

Soon I was engrossed in problems similar to this: "The distance from Waterloo to Pittsfield is $3x-3$ miles; if it takes a boy $z-x$ years old $4(28-x)^3$ minutes to eat a custard pie, how long would it take to get a headache?" Valiantly I kept on. Now I had only 5 down and 10 problems to go.

"Z-zz-zz-zz"

We went into a huddle—the quarterback gave his instructions which were something like this—

"Now listen, boys. On the next play Lucier will cover their guard with a parentheses—you, Jones, will fade back into a monomial and toss the square of $x-2$ over towards right end. Okay, let's go!"

The play went into effect. Jones faded way back for a pass but was pinned down by a trinomial on our own $x+5$ yard line.

Our next play was much better because, since both teams were $=$, they formed an equation, and by transposing all the players of their team to ours, they cancelled out, leaving our ball carrier, who went over the goal-line for a touchdown! Just then Mr. Geary, who was acting as referee, penalized us $5+x$ yards for not using a common multiple. Despite this setback we won the game. The score was $\frac{x+y}{3}$ to $\frac{a-z}{2}$

"Zz-zz-zzz—"

"Don! Don! The doorbell's ringing."

Slowly the fog clears from my distorted brain and I find myself still 5 down and 10 to go.

GOGGLES AND TIME

By Pauline Brody

ALTHOUGH I'm not withered, white, and weary, with none save my cat for company, I can look back upon my life to note the effect of time upon my emotions.

I shall never forget the thrilling day on which I was told my eyes were to be examined for glasses. I strutted to my doctor's office with an important, businesslike expression equal to that of any financier of Wall Street. I was to wear glasses! That fact burned as luminously in my mind as I had been taught the Ten Commandments should.

With anxious interest I went through the very serious procedure of having an examination, complete with drops. "I must remember every detail so my friends can hear all about this," I kept whispering to myself.

The next day at school I could hardly wait for recess. At last it came. The time was ripe. We gathered, as usual, to munch our apples and cookies in a shaded corner of the school-yard. Then I took the rostrum. Eyeglasses were really uncommon when I was in first grade, and my story of the examination, with not one detail missing, left my friends with the gaping expression of "curiouser and curiouser."

That led up to a great climax, for when I appeared the next day, my face a nice backdrop for dark-rimmed glasses, the interest of the boys and girls was overwhelming. Their screeches of delight and admiration sounded as excited and unintelligible as the noisy babble of baby pigs.

Since I was the only one in my room who wore glasses, their novelty persisted for several weeks. They were a distinction. (If I were a Tom Sawyer, I would have profited greatly by the many times I let the boys and girls try on my newly acquired pair of eyes.)

But all too soon my glasses became irksome. I was continually breaking them—and—con-

(Continued on page 25)

"YOUTH AND CRABBED AGE"

By Geraldine Seagrave

"YOU mark my words," the passionate elderly gentleman threatened, "this younger generation will come to no good. It goes through life at too furious a pace. Why, young people think nothing of driving fifty miles just to go to a dance. A dance! Think of it! In my day dancing was forbidden; it was considered a sin. I was allowed to go out for a good time only once in three weeks, instead of every other night. We had more time to study our lessons. Our speech, particularly, could not be excelled. We spent hours learning how to speak politely, slowly, fluently, and correctly. There were no abbreviations in our day. We said 'Good Morning' or 'Good Afternoon,' instead of your absurd 'Hi'. We said 'Certainly,' or 'I shall be very glad to do it,' instead of your nonsensical 'O. K.' We were a generation which was taught that children should be seen and not heard. Ours was an acquiescent, intelligent, conscientious, easily satisfied generation, which never pushed itself to places of rank. Ours was not an inquisitive, head-strong, defiant, over-ambitious generation like yours."

How often we young folks encounter these self appointed prophets of doom who see our generation headed for disaster. With clenched fists we are forced to listen to these pessimistic views voiced by our elders. But we are not a timid group, and we have something to say in defense of our generation. We are an eager group, eager to learn more about this world of ours. We crave friendships so that we may learn firsthand how many different types of people make up our world. We travel through life at a furious pace because we're in love with life. We're an impulsive, adventurous, courageous, energetic, and healthy group, seeking the most that life can give us. It stands to reason that if we act swiftly, and think swiftly, we must

also be able to say a thing in the shortest, quickest, and most concise way. Therefore, abbreviations are an essential part of our vocabulary. We are a generation which thinks a situation over, quickly makes a decision, and immediately acts upon it. A clear-thinking, ambitious, honest generation, which will go through life with its eyes open, and which will leave its mark in the history of the world.

Thus, age preaches to youth, and youth answers age with all the heart-felt, passionate stubbornness of youth of today.

A PLEASURE FOR ME

By Harold Kingsley

Give me a pole, a line, and hook
Give me a quiet, secluded brook,
Where I may sit and feel at ease
Beneath the gently swaying trees.
The bluebirds whistle, free from care,
While I build castles in the air,
Or dream of shining armored knight,
Who strives to free from magic's blight
The sleeping princess, wondrous fair
With flowers in her sun-gold hair,
Then from my thought I wake to find
A nice fat trout hooked to my line,
After much slipping, sweating, and digging
I find that my line is caught in the rigging
And to my disgust and my dismay,
I see him swimming swiftly away,
Although I have tried again and again
I haven't been able to pull him in,
So it is in this place I like to be
When the time for pleasure has come for me.

CINDERELLA

By Dorothy Calman

ONCE upon a time, there lived a little sophomore whose name was Cinderella. She attended P. H. S. faithfully and being an unusual type of student, she sat all evening in the cinders doing geometry problems and studying Latin prose. (No, dear readers, this does not help you to get good marks. Cinderella did it for effect).

Because she studied all the time and never answered back to her teachers, she received high C in every subject. This, as any "Soph" can tell you, is a very difficult accomplishment.

Cinderella had two step-sisters who were Seniors. They weren't at all smart like Cinderella, because, when they were in study hall, they hid novels behind their history books, and went to every basketball game.

When our heroine begged them to let her wear bells on her shoes and bows in her hair, they refused. (Weren't they cruel and mean?)

One spring day on the way to school Ella overheard her sisters talking about the new track star. He was the handsomest boy in P. H. S. they said.

When Cinderella heard this, she sat down on the school steps and started to cry. (Personally, I think that it was a very silly thing to do, but for her it worked like a charm.)

Just then a sophisticated Junior came by, and seeing her in tears, asked what was the matter. Poor Cinderella was able to utter scarcely a word, but managed to sob out, "I wish, wish."

This Junior was a fairy in disguise and understood at once why the poor girl was crying. (Wasn't she clever? I didn't know till someone told me.)

She gave Cinderella some lipstick and a short skirt, then told her to cut down one of the sturdy oak trees standing in the school yard. Cinderella did, whereupon the Junior fashioned it into a pair of wooden shoes!!

Daintily, Cinderella clopped up the school steps and through the corridors. She was the envy of all who beheld her. (Have you noticed the number of wooden shoes in P. H. S. and the lack of sturdy oaks?)

Ella went into the library and five Seniors came over and sat at her table. Among them was the track star, so she was very happy.

Looking up from the pages of her "Saturday Evening Post", she beheld her two sisters, became terribly frightened, jumped to her feet, and ran out of the room. In her haste she lost one of her wooden shoes and dared not stop to recover it.

When the track star saw the fragile thing, he picked it up and carefully preserved it.

Day after day he didn't sleep in any of his classes. He searched constantly for the owner of the dainty wooden shoe. Finally, while walking through the halls one afternoon, he heard an odd noise. First there was the clump of a wooden shoe, then the patter of a bare foot. As he turned the corner, he saw the girl of his dreams—minus one slipper. He ran forward and slipped the shoe on her foot. Then they went happily on their way to see the operetta, "Pinafore."

SOLITUDE

By Marguerite A. Lucas

Some poets praise a child's gay laugh,
Or beauty in a woodland path,
Some laud the strength that man displays,
Or April moon at close of day.
Yes—all these may be pleasures true,
But not for me. Just let me view
A velvet fog that hovers low
Shrouding the sea that roars below,
And hear a distant muffled cry,
Warning ships that pass close by,
Here let my cares be washed away,
With every beating, foam crowned wave,
Then watch the dewy mist lift high,
Showing the world a sunbeamed sky.

THE TOPSY TURVY TWINS

By Robert C. Moore

SOMEONE called them the topsy-turvy twins, and they were, too—the pugnacious Gilbert and the mild-mannered Sullivan. No two men were ever more unlike, yet still managed to create such miracles as these two did. Their friendship—one did exist, contrary to the belief that they hated each other—was marred by pride and by the justifiable ambition of Sullivan to write “more sensible compositions.”

The combination of Gilbert's words and Sullivan's music is a fine one. Both are sparkling and lively, but it is Sullivan's music which will be longest remembered. Sullivan was a musical genius; he composed the hymn, “By the Waters of Babylon,” when he was eight, and this was the starting point to a brilliant career. During the twenty years of their partnership, he was constantly writing music for Gilbert or for some festival, and he developed the habit of working incessantly on a piece until he completed it. In this he was aided by a unique power of concentration. On one occasion he scored sixty-three pages of an opera at one sitting, and when the “Pirates of Penzance” had to come out in a short time, he retired to his hotel room to write and score almost the entire opera in less than a month.

The method of these two men in working together was singular. Gilbert would dictate, perhaps, a whole act to Sullivan who would reduce all the complicated verse to dots and dashes. Then, whenever the melody would occur to him, he would set to work immediately to complete it, seldom making revisions, and only once taking to Gilbert's advice. As trite as it may sound to say that he worked night and day, nevertheless, many a day he would conduct the rehearsal and the main performance, and return home to work until dawn, or later.

As a result of this strain to which he put

himself, he was ever in constant agony, and his sprightly tunes, which have caused a whole world to laugh, seem incredible. While composing “Pinafore,” he would compose a few bars, be overcome with the pain, crawl to the sofa until it had passed, then back to the desk to write, and, in that way, he completed his compositions.

Gilbert had a number of strange incidents in his life. When he was two, he was kidnapped, and held for \$100 ransom. At grammar school he acted in and designed the scenery for plays which he had written for the boys. Gilbert wrote forty plays before he was twenty-two, but none of these were accepted. One play, for example, had eighteen different scenes, four cataracts, one flood, and one fire. In a few years, however, he had found favor with his “Bab Ballads,” which were late the basis for most of his opera. His father, inspired by his son's success, discovered himself, and, although, sixty, he began to write fiction.

Sullivan might easily have gone into serious music entirely, had he not experimented with the comic opera and met Gilbert. At an early age he had shown exceptional talent, and was the favorite among many of the elder musicians of the isles and the continent, as well as of Dickens and Tennyson. It was the fact that he always liked the serious music best that caused him to break with his partner. He is author of much serious music, the most familiar being “The Lost Chord,” and “Onward, Christian Soldiers.”

After their separation neither Gilbert nor Sullivan wrote another successful opera. Sullivan died in 1899 while he was turning away more work than the other composers were doing, and making more than \$100,000 yearly. Gilbert lived, for fifteen years more, a life of ease at his home at Grim's Dyke, and died in 1911.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

The following are sketches of the principals in the Senior Class presentation of “H.M.S. Pinafore.”

CECILE BISSAILLON

Down from Drury came the leading lady of our operetta, Cecile Bissailon. Better known as “Bunny,” she has musical activities other than playing the part of “Josephine” in “Pinafore.” In addition to singing in the Girls' Glee Club, she is in the Notre Dame Church Choir. Bunny's greatest ambition is to sing either in concert or operatic work, but if she is unable to find her niche there, she will content herself with being a teacher of French.

DONALD LUCIER

Donald Lucier, pompous Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. of “Pinafore,” is no stranger to Gilbert and Sullivan, having played Ko-Ko in “The Mikado” back in the summer of '37. So anxious is he to be a good Sir Joseph that he dropped in on the D'Oyly Carte Company while in Boston to study the Sir Joseph. Born in Adams, he attended Notre Dame Parochial School before coming to Pittsfield in 1936, and graduated from Central a year later. He is also a clever cartoonist on the STUDENT'S PEN, and a member of the Boys' Glee Club and Debating Club. Music is his hobby. We think he will “get to the top of the tree.” “And so do his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts.”

BRUCE MILLER

“Has anyone a piece of candy?” This pleading call may usually be heard coming from tall, light haired Bruce Miller, who takes the part of Ralph Rackstraw. He graduated from Central Junior High in 1937. Besides being in “Pinafore” he sings in the Baptist Church Choir. He does not intend going any further with music; it is purely a sideline. As for girls, the quiet type suffice. His favorite sport is baseball and he has gone out for the diamond and the gridiron while in P. H. S.

GORDON ALMSTEAD

Music is the most important word in the vocabulary of Gordon Almstead, the Captain in “Pinafore.” When not rehearsing for “Pinafore,” he's doing one of three things: singing with Don Weston's orchestra, playing the drums, or singing at the South Congregational Church. He wants to continue in music, and intends to take a post graduate course before trying for a scholarship at Juillard. Besides music, this tall, handsome “Captain” likes asparagus, and jiu jitsu, but most of the fairer sex are “out.” He was born in this city, and graduated from Plunkett Junior High.

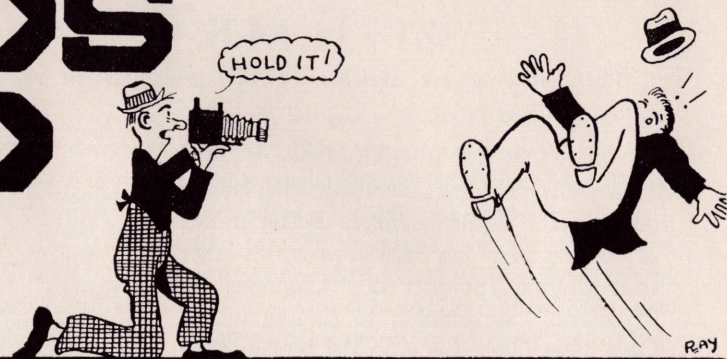
WALTER WOODSTOCK

The crouching villain of “Pinafore,” Dick Deadeye, Walter Woodstock, a pleasing baritone with a hankering to reach the Metropolitan. Graduated from Central, Walt sings in the choir of the Baptist Church. Slightly radical we find him. He would like to change the plot of this Gilbert and Sullivan masterpiece, for: “I'm peeved. When Gilbert was passing out the girl friends, he left me out.” And in true Deadeye manner, he complains: “I can't sleep after the Wednesday night rehearsals at Bill Kent's house. Too much food.” Some one, maybe the one armed paper-hanger, he claims hung the nickname of Buster on him. Give him a fishpole, a pair of swimming trunks, or a drum or two—he'll be happy. We noticed him sucking on a real pipe during rehearsals.

MACIE WILLIAMS

Our “sweet little Buttercup” appears on page 15 in the Who's Who.

WHO'S WHO



April, 1939

15

And Why

Photography by Friend Kierstead

MARJORIE MONROE

Meet Marjorie Monroe, School News Editor of THE PEN and editor-in-chief of the Senior Year Book. Marge loves to chew gum, eat peppermint life savers, and play field hockey, but if she had her way, farmers wouldn't be allowed to raise turnips, and eating sauerkraut would be unheard of. She likes Charlie MacCarthy and Mortimer Snurde, Edgar Bergen's two dummies but she thinks Ferdinand the Bull is just as cute. In her "spare time," Marge can be found practicing the violin.

AUTHORESS

The author of many delightful stories and poems in THE STUDENT'S PEN—Loraine Dakin. Successively poetry, essay, and short story editor on the school magazine, this senior, who is also on the Yearbook, has proved her versatility. Besides her work on THE PEN Loraine is also Secretary of the Debating Club, and in the chorus of "Pinafore." Books, baseball, and chocolate frosts, and some one else are "tops"; spinach juice, baritones, and sopranos are "out." She hopes to write a book that will sell fifty copies before the publisher is led away.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP

An altogether musical person is Little Buttercup of H. M. S. Pinafore, Macie Williams. A graduate of Dawes and Plunkett Schools, who sings in the choir and Glee Club besides studying voice. If you are acquainted with Macie and her vocal talent, you can well understand why she was chosen to portray lovable Little Buttercup. She favors the Westminster Choir, Opera Music, and, you Jitterbugs, smiles favorably upon Swing.

OAKIE

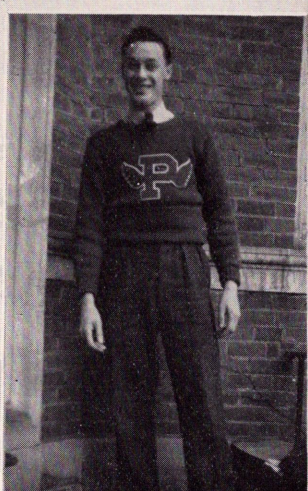
They call him Oakie. He's captain and second baseman on the P. H. S. nine, hopes to play for the Red Sox some day, and hopes to "murder" Drury when his team meets them in baseball. He's Pete Ocheano. Diminutive, modest, and a good player, his advice to ball-players is "Stay away from girls and cigarettes." "Sure we'll win the County Title, and we'll even up scores with Adams and Drury for past events, too." That's good; we like to hear that. His hobby is photography; his hangouts are the traffic post on the center stairs, and the movies.

HENRY STENTIFORD

Students! ! ! meet the campus cut-up, Henry Stentiford. He graduated from Central in '36. Believe it or not he likes school, but despises physics exams. His chief ambition is to graduate from college. O, yes, I forgot to mention he doesn't like to have "Jake" take the girl. (I wonder who she can be.) Right now he is chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee.

CAP

Doesn't take much to get Albert Carletti up in the air—about fifteen feet. Last spring in the Berkshire County Meet, the new captain of the track squad established a new record for the high jump with 5 feet 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Give him a good show, and an ice cream cone, and he's at home. Doesn't like to dislike anything. "Oh, I'd like to be a draftsman," which is drawing up his future plans a good deal quicker than when he went out for track as a Soph, and ran all over before settling on the high jump, his specialty. He tried the 100, 440, and the mile first, which isn't so bad when you recall his coach went out for everything before he settled on the broad jump.



STUDENTS OF P. H. S. ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE

By A. Herbert Boyajian

IN our March issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN, the students of P. H. S. were challenged on Student Government in an article entitled, "What! No SSG in P. H. S.?" The Features Department has received many replies of which the following are typical.

Thurlow Pruyne: "Greatest idea THE STUDENT'S PEN ever brought out."

John Bence: "Sure! Give the teachers a break."

Pauline Brody: "I went to a school with SSG, and it's tops."

Barbara Meyers: "Great idea, if students prove capable."

Gene Amber: "If Upper Darby can make it work, why can't P. H. S.?"

Crosby Olinto: "SSG will succeed if students cooperate."

Irene Beebe: "Others have done it; why can't we?"

Virginia Davis: "I always knew something was missing."

Alice Lloyd: "Much more interesting than present system."

Bruce Hainsworth: "Supplies needed citizenship training."

Loraine Dakin: "Best thing that could happen in P. H. S."

Neil Connelly: "It can't come too soon."

Audrey May: "SSG is a grand idea."

George Walsh: "A magnificent chance to do something worthwhile in P. H. S."

Glenora Fryer: "A fine thing if the right people are put in charge."

Jo Ann Dow: "Would increase student interest!"

Kenneth Weeks: "'bout time we tried it!"

John Grady: "Great thing if done gradually."

Ruth Bassett: "Would inspire in students greater interest in their school."

Jane Hanley: "At last it's coming."

Winifred Aitchison: "A good idea, if gone about in the right way."

Gordon Almstead: "Students should have it, if they want it."

George Adams: "I think we're getting along all right without it."

Cecile Bissailon: "Let's have it!"

Berlie Thompson: "SSG will be as good as its officers."

Carol Jones: "It ought to go through."

George Merritt: "Excellent experience."

Lois Milton: "The best thing to be had."

Milton Bass: "An easy way to bother the faculty."

Pamela Walker: "Marvelous idea with a few details to be straightened out."

Almon Roach: "O. K. if it works."

Helen Organ: "A swell idea."

Marjorie Bowlby: "It's appropriate."

Doris Best: "O. K. without control of discipline."

NO

By Friend Kierstead, Jr.

Now that the agitation for Student Government has somewhat subsided, let us take a look at this plan which its advocates would shove upon us.

One of the troubles with a plan like this is that the pupils are not capable of self-government. For one thing, the leaders of a Student Council, being amateurs, cannot begin to cope with their problems, which tax the minds of experienced principals. Since a pupil would probably not have any responsible position on the Student Council until he was a senior, it is clear that he would not have much chance to gain this experience. Also, the students are not used to democracy. They have grown up in autocracy; autocracy in junior high, in grammar school, in kindergarten, and autocracy in the home. And any attempt to change suddenly to democracy, except during college, after the mind has matured, will meet with disastrous failure.

YES

By Fred Cande

The idea of Student Self Government has finally become planted in P. H. S. This plan, coming at a time when the preservation of democracy is increasingly more in the mind of the world because of the dictatorial strife in Europe, seems very appropriate. This plan brings democracy close to the American youth and gives him greater responsibility in student life and makes him more qualified to receive it in civic life upon his graduation. In the plan offered for P. H. S. there will be no discipline inflicted upon one student by another and thus there will be no ill feelings, but through this system the student will be brought in closer contact with the faculty and will have a feeling that P. H. S. is his school and therefore will work harder to put his own school in a niche above the other schools of this section. I heartily agree with this plan and assure you that it is worthy of your deep consideration.

NO

By Bruce Hainsworth

There are many arguments in favor of the adoption of Student Self Government; there are equally weighty arguments against it. But to me it seems that these impersonal arguments exactly balance one another.

Perhaps I am mistaken, but I believe that the success or failure of Student Self Government is directly dependent upon the attitude of its student body. If the students, as a whole, are mean, trifling and jealous—in short, childish—there is no cooperation, and therefore the project fails; if the students employ team-work and helpful criticism, the plan invariably works successfully.

There is yet another point I wish to bring out. Student Self Government has never hurt any school. It has had failures, but so has Democracy.

But remember, students, it won't work unless we're 100% behind it.

YES

By Geraldine Seagrave

SSG—Student Self Government. There are persons who criticize it and those who defend it. Perhaps, you have been led to believe that SSG is a vile monster bent upon depriving the student body of everything except the "3 R's", and depriving the teachers and principal of their right to manage the school. Or again, you may be the student who thinks SSG is "just fine." You are under the impression that SSG would have complete control of the school,—a court for discipline, a council to sit in on all important duties which Mr. Strout might have. On the whole, nothing could be done without the students' approval.

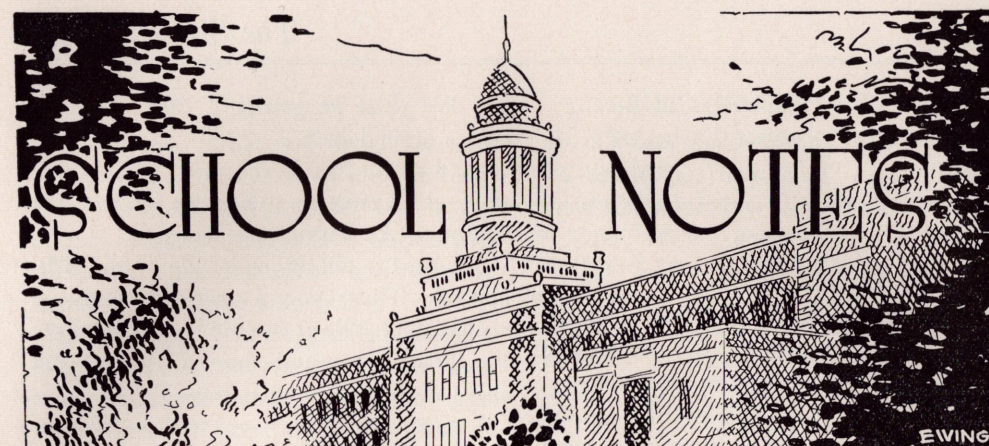
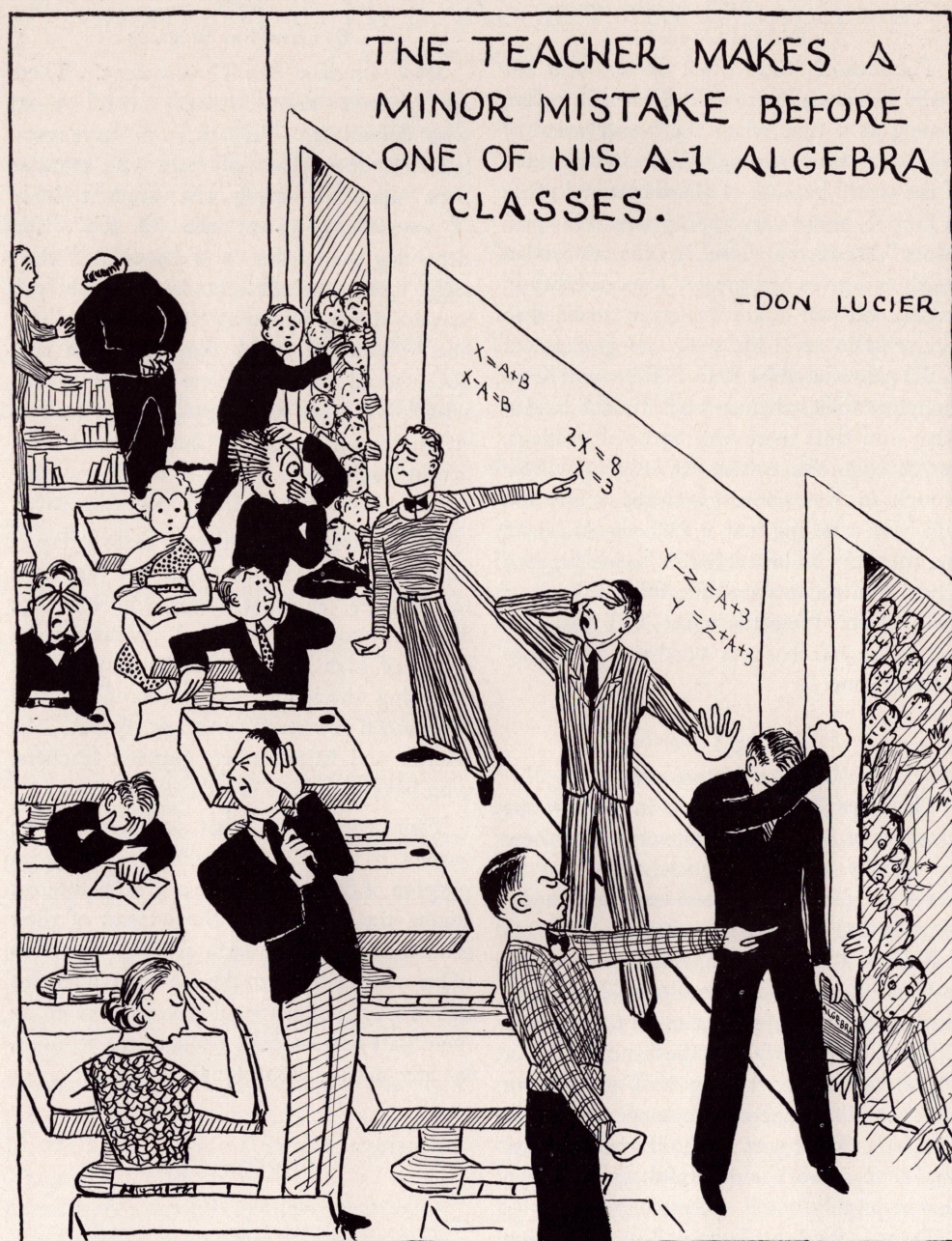
Well, if you accept either of these interpretations your train of thought has jumped a few hurdles. In other words, you're wrong. SSG can't control the school. What could a group of high school students know about enforcing discipline and regulating school laws when compared with Mr. Strout, Mr. Moran, and Miss Parker, plus our teachers, who have had years of experience?

Then you ask, "What is SSG?" The answer to that is quite simple. The main purpose of SSG is to create a greater interest among the students in the welfare of their school, and to make each student conscious of his responsibility to the school. Under this definition the pupils would have a more prominent part in the school management without, by any means, controlling the school.

THE CRICKET

By John Bence

A balmy summer day, and I
Was haying 'neath a sunkissed sky.
A cricket sang his merry lay
And mocked my toil as if to say—
"Fool to work when one can play."



"THOSE DUCK HAWKS, WHEW!"

For the third time in the past four years, Cleveland Grant, the lecturer on birds, with an all-seeing camera, entertained two assemblies of P. H. S. students with his talk on "Birds in North America." The scene of Mr. Grant's remarkable pictures was a little island off the coast of Newfoundland. To us, the birds were new birds.

They were not birds of small size, but rather big, he-man clippers, many of them predatory fowls. The movies, and the lecture, were, to say the least, all-inclusive of the bird's seasonal life, and all entertaining. We recall especially the delight with which the girls (the fraidy cats) watched the duck hawk feed its young a smaller bird without cooking it, or having Father carve it. "That's all right, girls," he said, "this is to train you for what's coming." As Herr Innis said afterwards, "Those duck hawks, whew!"

UP IN THE AIR

Few of us ever get up in the air 16,000 feet, and if we did, the chances are that we should not do so in Alaska. Bradford Washburn did though, and told us about it in an interesting manner with his Hah-vud accent. It was the final lecture in the A. I. E. E. series this year.

Illustrated with camera shots, the long trek of him and his companion over the untracked Alaskan mountain ledges and crags, carried an amazing amount of reality. It was

ninety-five miles in only a general direction with seventy-two pounds to carry on their backs. Everyone laughed at the illusions the pictures showed. In one case, the foot of the mountain looked about a hundred yards away; it was a mile. Another time the descent seemed gradual and inviting; in another picture it proved to be little less than a cliff. And, don't go swimming in an Alaskan river; the rocks over which the glaciers pass are ground up into little particles, and will fill your clothes in thirty seconds, sending you to the bottom quicker than a torpedo. The moral: Don't trust any one.

"YOU'RE HOMELY!"

"Are you a thoroughbred?" he asked, and it wasn't a slam either; merely a clever way of opening a talk on an interesting subject—one's personality. Although he did not stay too close to the central idea throughout, Dr. Sayers, with his distinctly English tone, and his command of humor, kept fourteen hundred students wide-awake. In fact, his lecture, which had much to do with the American Slanguage, will not be easily forgotten.

In every way it was unique. Old meanings to old words were new meanings to us, and caused much laughter. One student who had heard the lecture, said to one afterwards who hadn't, "You're homely." Before the fight could start, however, he explained that the old meaning was "home-like."

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club saw George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" on March 24. Topics on both the play and the picture were discussed by the members.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

It all started with an article in the March issue of THE PEN which put the challenge of Student Government to the students; on March 23, less than a week from the issuing of THE PEN, more than sixty students were sitting in Room 212 electing a temporary committee to draw up a plan.

No one who was there will ever forget the rapid influx into Room 110 until it was overflowing, and the students looking for a room to hold them. Everyone wanted to get somewhere and do something, but no one knew where or what, and for awhile the first floor was the scene of endless moving—nowhere. Finally, some one suggested 212, and the meeting was on.

Those students elected were to the temporary committee: George Walsh, Herbert Boyajian, Jean Kane, Helen Guitain, Bruce Hainsworth, Audrey May, secretary, and Robert C. Moore, chairman.

HERE AND THERE

When the girls taking First Aid first learned how to bandage, they found great enjoyment in going through the halls with their arms, hands, and other parts of their bodies done up in bandages.

Although Christmas was four months back, Santa's reindeer have at this late date made an impression on our girls. (It couldn't be because of their mentality). Now sleigh bells are the rage on your shoes, hair bows, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

With reports due anytime, we look forward to them, wondering what the product of two months' fooling is going to look like on paper.

Lately there hasn't been so much breaking of milk bottles in the cafeteria as there used to

be. We must be getting a better hold on things around here.

And then, there's the girls' gym exhibition, which promises to be more fun than the side show at a Barnum and Bailey.

It's hard to tell Spring is here by the girls' apparel. There was a time when they'd change their style of dress in spring, but now the girls wear saddle shoes all winter and skirts and sweaters all spring.

Locketts are a very mysterious piece of jewelry. Naturally everybody is to her own taste as to what she likes in them, so you'll find everything in them from a quarter to a picture of Nelson Eddy.

Spring really came to us a few days after it officially began. Many were prompted to skip, but they didn't know it was such a beautiful day until they got in school. Imagine, the next day was Saturday!

On March 17th we saw a student going down the hall with a gun in one hand and a copy of THE PEN in the other. Is it that bad?

With spring almost here everyone is spending his spare time looking out of the windows. (Not that we have much spare time in any class.)

If you should be walking down the hall and hear someone wail mournfully, "Want some sea-food, mama?" don't be frightened. It is not a starving Armenian, but probably one of the school's jitterbugs pouring out his musical soul.

Don't you feel silly when you're trying to break a lettuce sandwich? The lettuce goes one way, the bread the other, and the mayonnaise slides weakly down your fingers.

The other morning a truck from the Follwell Greenhouses drove up and parked in front of the school. Who's getting flowers, we wondered? Imagine our surprise when eight students stepped out. Quite a bouquet!

One of the musically-minded students is going to write a piece about a deficiency. The name of this masterpiece will be "Prelude in F Minor."

FOLLOW ME

"Follow me." That is a virtual necessity for an opera orchestra, for it must learn to follow the words, and pauses of each singer, and each singer is different. Consequently, professional orchestras spend much time in practicing for such an adaptability.

For "Pinafore" no professional orchestra is used, however, but merely earnest, home-grown, and home-trained student musicians, twenty-three of them, a picked group to whom Mr. Gorman has devoted much time and from whom he has received more than an ordinary amount of cooperation.

"I am proud of them. They give me nothing to worry about," he states. "There is a good deal depending upon a clever concertmaster, and I have better than I bargained for in Grace Steele. She deserves credit—all that's due. The rest are all fine and several show fine promise."

So, it looks as if the wind that will help start "H. M. S. Pinafore" on her journey is a kindly wind, well-disposed to its success. Here are the members of the "Pinafore" orchestra: *First Violins*: Grace Steele. Olga Massimiano, Louisa Ashton, Ribello Sciarra, Betty Duerr, Francis Vosburgh. *Second Violins*: Gracemarie Shafer, Madelyn Dwyer, Joseph Paduano, Hans Uhlig, Katherine Curtin, Robert Youngs. *Cello*: Marjorie Watkins. *Flutes*: Edmund Daverin, Barbara Hainsworth. *Oboe*: Albert Wing. *Clarinets*: Eliot Weisgarber, David Strout. *Trumpets*: Willys Monroe, John Kerrigan. *Trombone*: William Kenyon. *Opera Accompanist*: Virginia Amerio.

What's the idea of Mr. Hanson (the lawyer from Chicago and friend of Al Capone) telling us that we were a tough-looking crowd? At least this was a change from the usual trend.

Some of the P. H. S. students are taking that song "Got to Get Some Shut-eye" too much to heart.

Anyone of us could write a best seller. "All This, and Homework, Too" would be our best bet.

Three cheers for Mr. Strout! His idea that we might like some more assemblies is correct. Every one up to this date has been very interesting.

It seems just a bit queer to see the old graduates who are now in college hanging around the halls. Why won't they learn to come into the classrooms?

"Deep Purple" blew in on us like a breeze a month ago, and despite the criticism of skeptics, it's still reigning as supremely as "My Reverie" did a short while ago.

They really ought to furnish every study hall desk with six or eight good books: murder, ghosts, wild west, sports, and romances, to keep the boys from talking in study period.

We see a lot on the bulletin about girls' sports, but we never hear how they come out. What's the matter? Are the sophomores winning all the games?

A FISHERMAN'S ODE

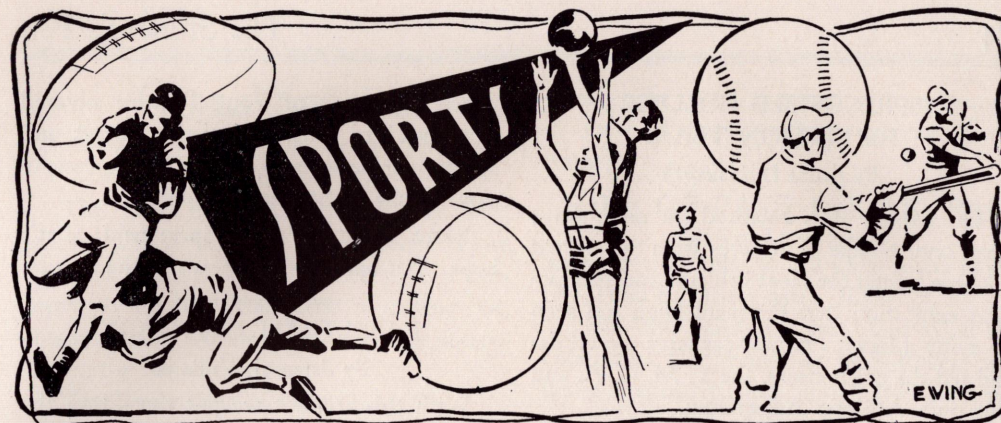
By Thomas Kilian

Beauty means a million things
Mossy grass and gurgling springs
Flowers fair and stately trees
That sway like wood nymphs in the breeze.
But give me the roaring brook
With trout that lurk in every nook;
A sudden dash!
A leap in air,
A glinting flash!
A fervent prayer!
The line screams out from spinning reel;
The bamboo pole has a splendid feel,
As you bring him in, he jumps and fights.
To a fisherman's eye there are few sights
As fair to see as a leaping trout
As you slowly tire him out.
Give to the poets their gurgling springs,
Their trees and flowers and beautiful things;
But just give me a rod and reel,
A good strong line and a fisherman's creel.



THE HOCKEY SQUAD

Front Row: Morton, Johnson, Evans, Olinto, Talbot, Maddocks, Smith, D. Hurley
Back Row: Coach Carmody, Sciarra, H. Rosenthal, Bissailon, King, Amber, Roach, R. Hurley, Eckerson, Nicholls, Kellar, Roney



BASEBALL COMES INTO ITS OWN

By Bruce Hainsworth

Pittsfield's prospects for a successful baseball season are pretty good, for ninety candidates responded to Coach Stewart's first call. Although it is noticeably weak at the bat, this year's team has a world of experience and fielding ability.

Pittsfield's forces will be captained this year by diminutive Pete Ocheano on the key-stone sack. Art McGill will probably take first base while his brother, Joe, will try out for the "hot corner," third base. Chick Evans and Joe Dottavio, both veterans, will vie for the shortstop position. As for the outfield, Vin Monteleone and Bill Ford have practically assured themselves of positions.

No less than fourteen pitchers reported, of whom Clint Dawley, Carl Heidel, Dan Carrigan, and John Simeno, the latter two veterans, will probably see the most service on the mound. Sam Russo will play behind the bat.

A good record will really mean something this year, for all of the games will be hard-fought. The schedule, comprising five home games and five games "on the road," follows:

May 9	At Dalton
May 13	Drury
May 20	Adams
May 24	Bennington
May 30	At St. Joseph's
June 2	Dalton
June 7	At Drury
June 12	At Adams
June 14	At Bennington
June 17	St. Joseph's

TRACK NEWS

By Bernard Williams

On March 21, Captain Albert Carletti led fourteen of last year's veterans and fifty-five others in signing up for track, and it certainly looks as if Pittsfield will be going places.

Veterans on hand this year are:—

High jump—Captain A. Carletti, Markham, Freehan.

Broad jump—Hubbard, R. Renzi.

Pole vault—Gentile, Tatro.

Mile—Procopio, Senger, Hubbard, Mitchell.

Half-mile—Procopio, Senger, Pierson.

440—Ed Bailey.

220—Conti, Christopolis.

100-yd. dash—Conti, R. Renzi

100-yd. hurdles—Danny Christopolis.

Weight events—(discus, shotput, javelin)—

Captain Carletti, Haddad, Nykorchuck, R. Renzi, Gentile.

This year's schedule is as yet incomplete but probable events are:

May 6—Berkshire

May 20—Greenfield

May 27—Western Mass. Meet

June 3—Mass. State (Amherst)

Captain Carletti holds the schoolboy record for the high jump, and great things are expected of him this season.

Ralph Renzi is a good man to have on anybody's squad. He is as good at track as at football and basketball.

In Procopio and Senger we have two distance runners of the first degree, who are planning to gain a number of "firsts" for Pittsfield this year.

SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE EXHIBITION TEAM

By Bruce Hainsworth

On March 16 a balanced (in more ways than one) troupe of athletes from Springfield College staged the most brilliant and spectacular exhibition that Pittsfield High has seen in many a moon. A near-capacity crowd delighted the co-sponsors, the Y. M. C. A. and our own Athletic Association.

First on the program was the rhythmic wand drill, followed by the horizontal bar event. Here, if anywhere, iron nerve, spring-steel muscles, and split-second timing are necessary. Giant swings, incredible spins, and similarly difficult feats were performed with miraculous ease by a picked squad of these super-men. And then there was the tumbling act, a short exhibition of baton twirling, and then the hair-raising pyramids. To supply the necessary balance and give added height in this event, the parallel bars were pressed into service. Perhaps next time we can arrange to draw back the upper stage curtains so we can see the top man.

Following the short intermission came the "Group Combat with Sabres." The next event was the squad on the parallel bars. Leaping, rolling, balancing, these men showed their skill. The Indian club swinging then led us to the Balancing Trio. And how these men could perform! It was next to impossible to anticipate their actions, for every little pyramid differed radically from every other. Following this came the Cuban Cane-Cutters' Dance, which proved to all skeptics that muscle-men can be graceful. Then came the long horse, with two intrepid individuals springing, as a climax, over six of their teammates piled one above the other on the horse.

For the duration of the next act the crowd figuratively rolled in the aisles, but this was not surprising, for two clowns, albeit, both were excellent gymnasts, were loosed on the stage. All the participants in the last act, the

famed "Statuary of Youth," were silvered from head to foot, and their difficult and spectacular performance was a fitting conclusion for the night's entertainment.

More power to you, Springfield! Let's hope your next visit is near in the future.

BASKETBALL OBITUARY

By Bernard Williams

With this account we put the lid on the basketball season. Before we do so, however, let's look at the records and see how we made out against St. Joe in that final City Championship game.

In the second encounter with our ancient rivals you will recall what an important part Poulin and Quadrozzi of the Saints played in the winning. Well—they did it again and this time St. Joe romped home with a 20-16 victory. It was no runaway, though, for the game was close throughout, and the 1,200 or more fans were kept thrilled to the roots of their hair as first Pittsfield and then St. Joe led. As usual—and we don't know how many times we've said this—Walt Skowronski walked off with high scoring honors, having accounted for 10 of Pittsfield's 16 points. Pete Poulin and Sam Quadrozzi garnered 6 each as their share in St. Joe's victory.

In their farewell game for Pittsfield on the court were Renzi, Russo, McGill, Carletti, and Skowronski who graduate this year. Christopolis, Grady and Moynihan have another year to try for the championship. Our old Nemesis, Referee Clarence Wells, handled the game and did a good job. St. Joe jayvees beat ours to make it three straight.

Other basketball news comes from the Intramural Basketball Tournament. In this tournament were fourteen teams. After several hotly contested battles the winners were the Morningside Aces, who numbered among their players Pete Ocheano, Billy Ford, Jack Novich, and Mele, Quirk, Flossic, and Masterson from j'v squad.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Shelah O'Connell and Bertha Thompson
BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball squads have been chosen and it won't be many moons before the tournaments start. Just keep your eyes open to see how your class is making out, because there will be some very close competition for the three teams.

The Senior team includes:

Elizabeth Uliasz	Mary Popp
Murilda Fulker	Mary Pisani
Dorothy Douglas	Amelia Ciccarella
Ruth Thorpe	Mary Londergan
Germaine Ferland	Rita Edda
Lucille Cote	Edith Leipe

Playing for the Juniors are:

Lillian Belair	Angie Testa
Jennie Karpeck	Alta Miller
Mary Dennis	Wanda Naprava
Janet Millard	Margaret Ward
Grace Houston	Sophie Figal
Madeline Keegan	Marjorie Bowlby
Dorothy Yarmey	Barbara Dinneen

Last but far from least, those upholding the Sophomore's reputation are:

Jeanette Tysiewski	Harriet Demos
Evelyn Denno	Jessie Sadlowski
Jane Hennelly	Charlotte Hill
Agnes Cullen	Dorothy Arigoni
Carrie Mynarczyk	Arna Brookman
Christine Mangum	Marjorie Salo
Pearl Gramkowski	Mary Samale

AFTER THE CHALLENGE

(Continued from page 5)

for the student officers. Thus, our high school would be serving our city and our country by making itself, we might say, a laboratory of democracy. Student government would also provide an experimental ground for those subjects—the social sciences—which unfortunately, have little opportunity for teaching by practice as other subjects have. Let us, then, work together in this effort to bring to our school a system of

government which has had amazing success in some of the best high schools of the country.

RIDE OF PAUL-INE REVERE

(Continued from page 8)

with my—we used to call them *beaux* in my day. You call them dates, Jill?"

"Hm—m," said Jill. But, that is all she could say. Her opinion of Miss Revere was doing a regular tailspin, and Toby's head and heart were both affected because he groped around until he found Jill's hand and he squeezed it hard, to show her that he knew how she felt.

But there was still another surprise for them. As they stopped at Miss Revere's house she said: "Why don't you two come in with me? You must be hungry after your experience and besides young people are always hungry. I'll make some chocolate and I think there is part of a cake. I would like to have you if you can spare an old lady a little more of your time."

"Let's," said Jill to Toby in a very small voice. "Let's go in and celebrate 'The Ride of Paul-ine Revere.'"

GOGGLES AND TIME

(Continued from page 9)

tinually being scolded. They became the bane of my existence, not only because of the rebukes their breaking provoked, but because of the ridicule I endured. I was teased mercilessly about my "four eyes."

Now, my glasses are just another necessary evil of my life,—a commonplace object that I take for granted, but couldn't do without. So many people wear them that they are as ordinary and unexciting to the world about me as are the buttons of my jacket.

Will the events of my life all go through such a metamorphosis? I think so, for one does not seem to fall into such an unemotional rut as not to feel strongly upon some subject, which, later on, loses its poignancy and becomes so unimportant as to be forgotten or merely accepted.

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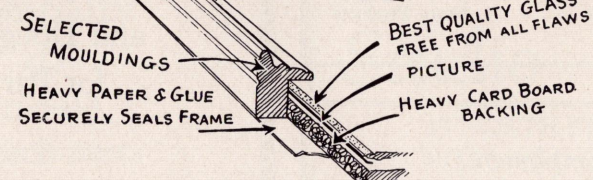
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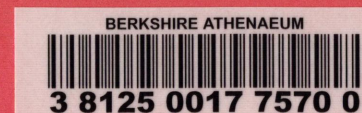
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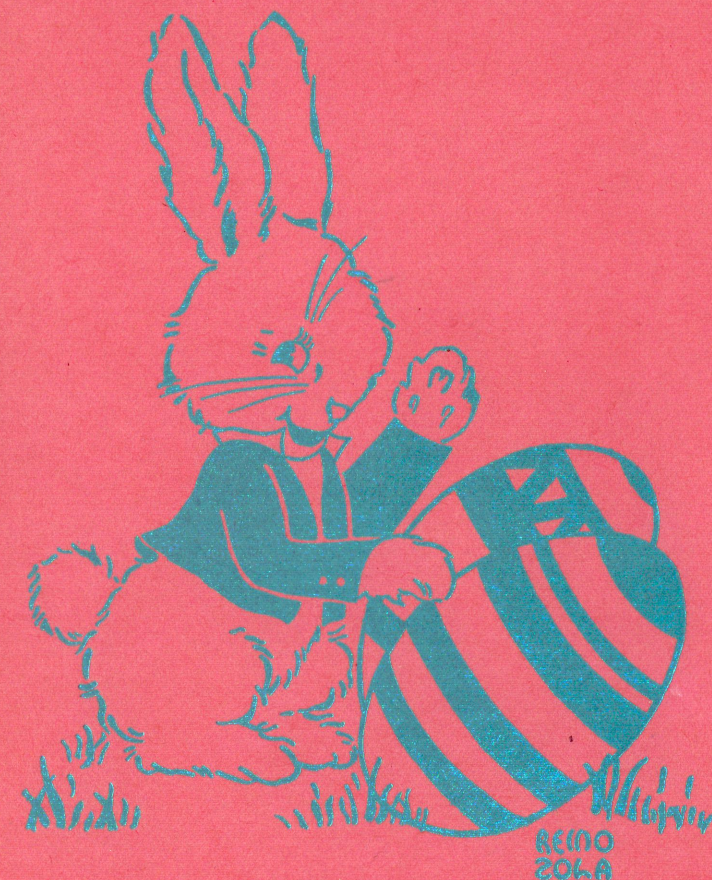
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